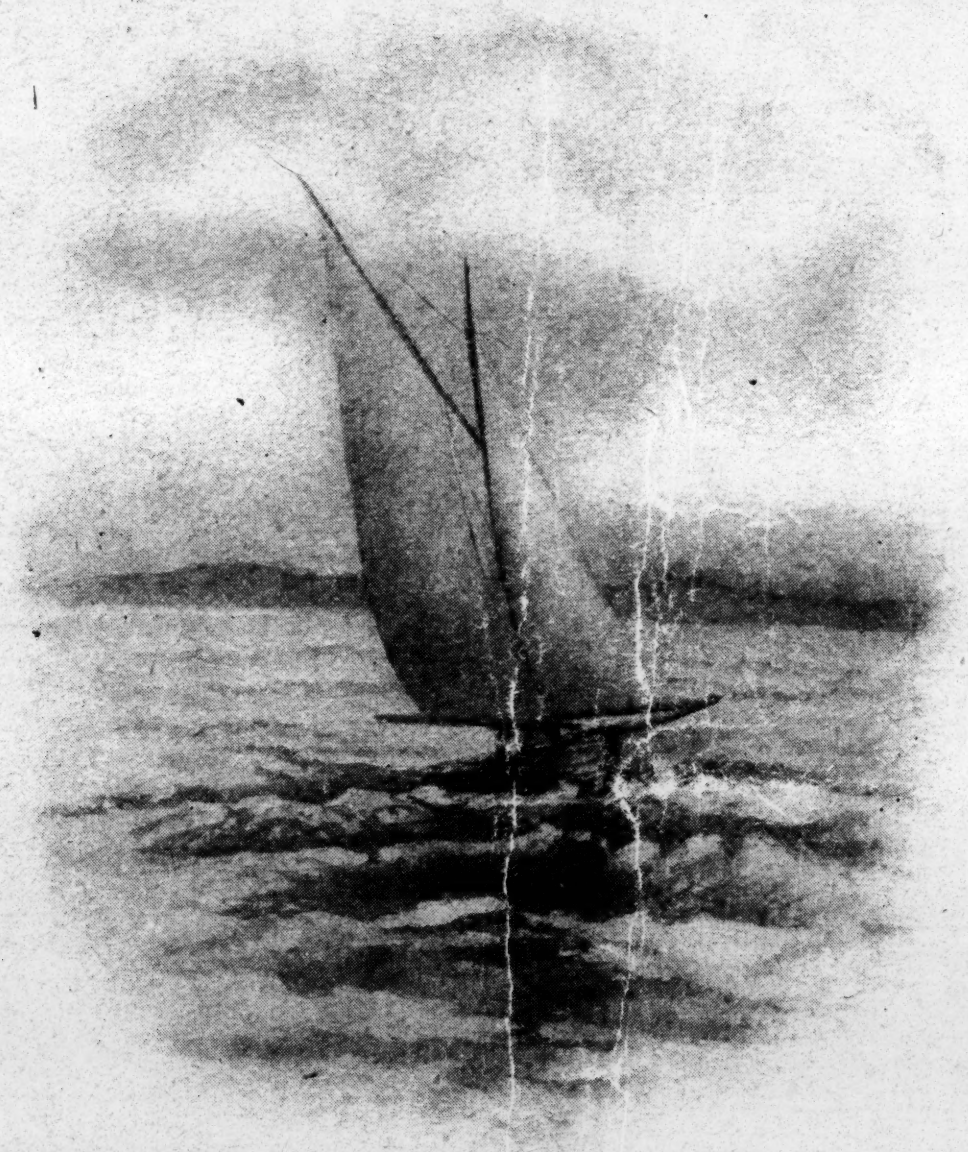
# THE SHALLOP

Words and Melodies by

## CAROLINE LEONARD GOODENOUGH



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**A. G. COMINGS**

37 WEST COLLEGE STREET - - - OBERLIN, OHIO

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# Index


BABY'S RAINY DAY . . . . . 5
BABY FERDINAND. . . . . 24
BLUE EYES' LULLABY . . . . . 25
BABY'S ANSWERS. . . . . 26
CAROL'S BY-BY . . . . . 3
CHILDIE CHERUB . . . . . 7
DADO'S DINNER . . . . . 6
DOLLIES AT THE WINDOW. . . . . 10
DO THEY? . . . . . 20
DICKENS TINY TIM . . . . . 30
JAY'S BABY. . . . . 31
KENNETH'S BY-BY . . . . . 9
METASINA'S LULLABY . . . . . 4
OUR BABY ROSE . . . . . 8
OUR LITTLE MEN. . . . . 19
PRETTY KATE. . . . . 23
SING A BY-BY . . . . . 8
SPRING . . . . . 11
SNOW BIRD. . . . . 11
SLEIGH BELLS. . . . . 17
SHUCKITY SHUCK. . . . . 21
THE SHALLOP . . . . . 3
THE SHADOW BABY . . . . . 7
THE SQUIRREL. . . . . 9
THE BIRD'S CARNIVAL . . . . . 12
THE CLOUD CAMELS . . . . . 13
THE TWITTERERS . . . . . 14
THE THRUSH'S CALL. . . . . 15
THE POLICEMAN . . . . . 16
THE RIVER . . . . . 18
THE SEA'S SONG . . . . . 19
TELL ME BIRDIE . . . . . 20
THE LADY WHITE HEN . . . . . 22
THE SECRET . . . . . 26
THE FRETS. . . . . 27
THE BUREAU CLOCK . . . . . 28
THE LITTLE GOLD KEY. . . . . 29
THE DORY . . . . . 30
WHAT'S THE USE. . . . . 22

## № 1 The Shallop

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Andantino

1. There's ma-ny a craft puts out to sea, Is an - y room for mine? Shall
2. Yet like the rest my swell-ing sail, The fav-'ring breeze has caught, With

ti - ny shal - lop sail with me, Up - on the vast - y brine?
faith the helm and truth the gale, I sail the sea of thought.

## № 2 Carol's By-By

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

1. The lit - tle birds have gone to sleep, Why doth my ba - by wake and weep? They
2. Your goat that's lost his legs and hair, Is sta-bled now be - neath the chair, Your
3. I know a Christ-mas dol - ly too, Who'll play Bo-peep with lit - tle you, What
4. Now lay your lit - tle rest-less head, Right down up-on your cra-dle bed, And

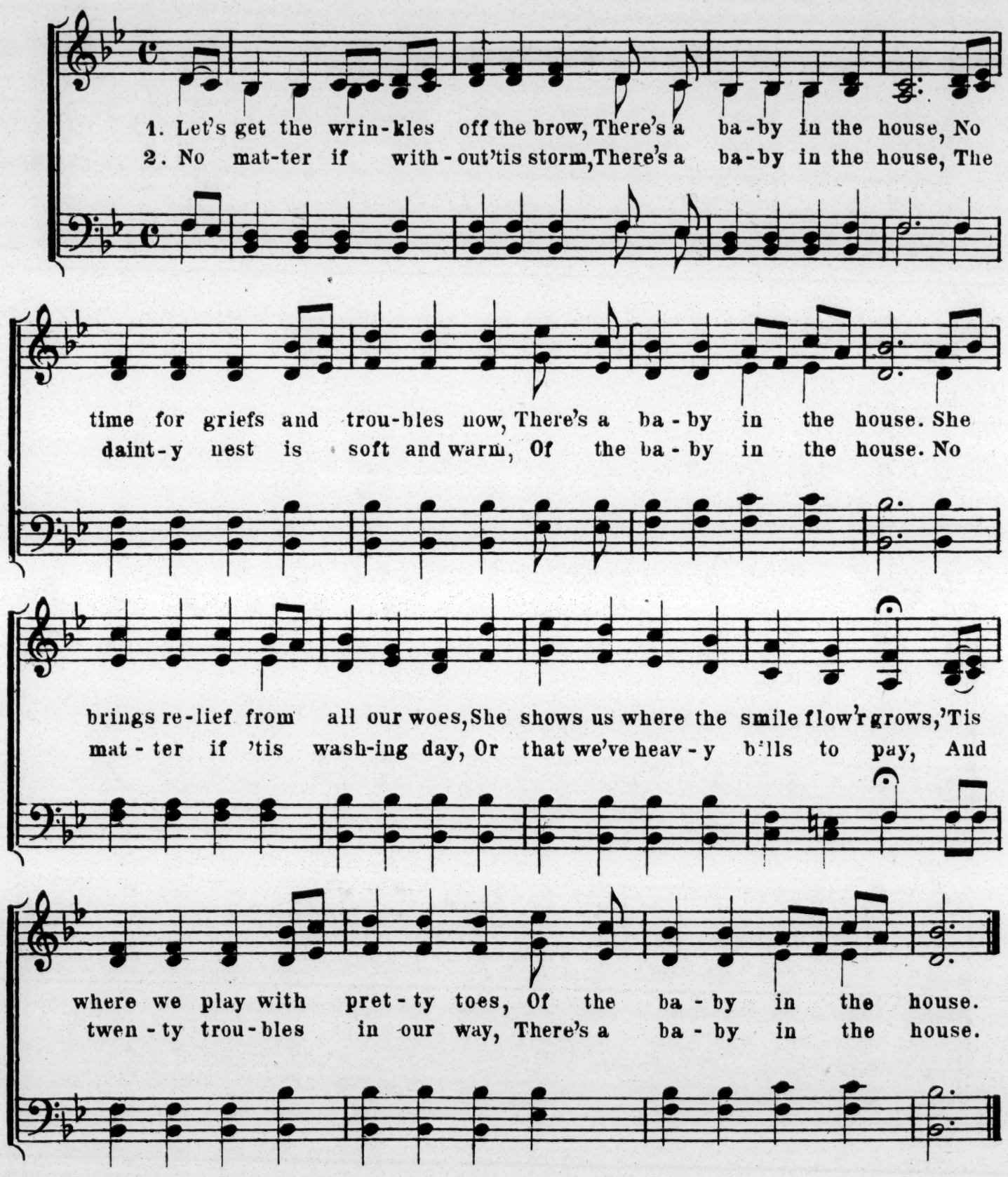
feel their moth-er's shel-'ring wings, So hush, my dear, while moth-er sings.
blocks are in the bas-ket snug, And Pus-sy sleeps up - on the rug.
Christ-mas means you do not know, Or else I should not tell you so.
dream sweet dreams of Christmas day, When your new Dol - ly'll come and play.

# Metasina's Lullaby

**№ 3**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.


1. Let's get the wrin-kles off the brow, There's a ba-by in the house, No
2. No mat-ter if with-out'tis storm, There's a ba-by in the house, The
time for griefs and trou-bles now, There's a ba-by in the house. She
daint-y nest is soft and warm, Of the ba-by in the house. No
brings re-lief from all our woes, She shows us where the smile flow'r grows, 'Tis
mat-ter if 'tis wash-ing day, Or that we've heav-y bills to pay, And
where we play with pret-ty toes, Of the ba-by in the house.
twen-ty trou-bles in our way, There's a ba-by in the house.

3.

Now who could keep a sour face,
With a baby in the house,
To try one on would be disgrace,
With a baby in the house.
Come teary folk and wipe your eyes,
Each day shall bring some sweet surprise,
Some pretty phase to bless our eyes,
Of the baby in the house.

# Baby's Rainy Day

**№ 4**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Pots, ket - tles and pans for a ba - by to play, Hi Duck - y
What though her frock should be soiled on the floor, Hi Duck - y

Dad - dles! Pots, ket - tles and pans for the long wet day,
Dad - dles! Next wash - day will make it as good as before,

Hi Duck - y Dad - dles! What if her pad - dies are
Hi Duck - y Dad - dles! A touch of the dirt is right

smut - ty and black, Let her play with the ket - tles with clat - ter and clack, At
health - y they say, It would be a shame to up - set Ba - by's play, So hur-

bed - time we'll wash her and give her a smack, Hi Duck - y Dad - dles!
rah for the pans and the long wet day, Hi Duck - y Dad - dles!

# Dado's Dinner

## № 5

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G

1. Ma - ma dear, at noon-tide's ray, When lit-tle Da - do comes in from play,
2. Mash them well till pulp they seem, Put on some but-ter and salt and cream,

Fresh from the ov-en or boil - ing pot,
Then lit - tle boy with joy will sing,

Give lit-tle Da-do po - ta - toes hot, Give lit-tle Da-do po - ta - toes hot.
He has a din-ner that's fit for a king, He has a din-ner that's fit for a king.

3.

Then when the feast is cleared away,
Back little Dado will go to play,
Out in the grass, 'neath spreading trees,
‖: Friend of the flowers, the birds and the bees. :‖

## № 6 Childie Cherub

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Moderato

1. Child-ie, Cher-ub of our home, With thy lips a scar-let thread,
2. Prim-rose eyes and bab-bling tongue, Round-ed limb and brow of pearl,

*mf*

Sea-shell ear and silk-en head, Where-fore have the an-gels sent thee?
Shrine of love our ba-by girl, Sent to keep us ten-der, trust-ing,

*slower and dim.*

When from heav'n they weep-ing lent thee, Wherefore art thou come? Wherefore art thou come?
Keep the hand and heart from rusting, Sent to keep us young, Sent to keep us young.

## № 7 The Shadow Baby

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Andantino

*dolce*

1. When falls the cur-tain of the night, And ev-'ning sets her lamp a-light, The
2. She al-ways finds her wait-ing there, A-round by moth-er's rock-ing chair, A
3. My ba-by gives her kiss-es sweet, And strives to catch her by the feet, Yet
4. But when the sun-shine brings the day, The Shad-ow Ba-by goes a-way, And

*rit.*

jol-ly ba-by on my knee, Goes then the shad-ow girl to see.
chub-by play-mate dark and small, Who waves a wel-come from the wall.
thought to pull her hair she tries, The Shad-ow Ba-by nev-er cries.
nev-er comes a-gain in sight, Un-til an-oth-er can-dle light.

*rit.*

## № 8 Sing A By-By

*dolce*

1. Sing a by by, Sing a by by, Ma-ma's lit-tle sleep-y ba - by, Ma - ma's lit - tle sleep - y ba - by, Don'-ty cry, cry, Don'-ty cry, cry, Ma - ma's lit -tle sleep-y ba - by.
2. Ma - ma loves him, Ma - ma loves him, Ma-ma's tir - ed lit - tle ba - by, Ma - ma's tir - ed lit - tle ba - by, Pa - pa loves him, Pa - pa loves him, Pa - pa's tir - ed lit - tle ba - by.
3. Cud-dle co - sy, Cud-dle co - sy, Ma-ma's precious lit - tle ba - by, Ma - ma's pre-cious lit - tle ba - by, Wake up hap - py, Wake up hap - py, Ma - ma's pre-cious lit - tle ba - by.

## № 9 Our Baby Rose

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Pavrin

*dolce*

1. Gild ye gold - en clouds the morn, Sparkle ye dew-drops of the dawn, Fresh - ly bless, oh day new born, Our Ba - by Rose.
2. Noon-tide skies of az - ure deep, Give new gifts of love to keep, Ev - 'ning bring her peace-ful sleep, Our Ba - by Rose.
3. Days that fly on swift-est wing, Sum - mer, Au - tumn, Win-ter, Spring, Each some gift of joy shall bring, Our Ba - by Rose.

*rit.* *rit.*

## № 10 Kenneth's By-By

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

1. By oh by my lit - tle Ken-neth, Cud-dle down and do not cry,
2. As you sail a - mong the plan-ets, If the stars are sug - ar - plums,
3. When you see the ba - by an - gels, You'll not miss your box of toys,
4. When the lit - tle heav'nly ba - bies, Get their cups of bread and milk,
5. Then my dar-ling lit - tle Ken-neth, Will be ver - y, ver - y good,

*rit.*

As you sleep you'll take a voy - age, Up in - to the sky.
If the moon's a green cheese gold - en, You shall have some crumbs.
On the cun - ning harp they'll give you, You can make a noise.
You shall have a dia - mond tea - spoon, And a bib of silk.
Nev - er tip his tea - cup o - ver, Nev - er spill his food.

## № 11 The Squirrel

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Allegretto

*m* *p*

1. The moon's bright shield is sink-ing down, Be - hind the tow-ers of the town, And
2. The lit - tle ten-ants of the lawn, Are wak-ing ear - ly with the dawn, And
3. That hol - low tree a nest doth hold, Where lives a squir-rel gay and bold, Who
4. He peeps with - in the o - pen door, And shy - ly comes the threshold o'er, Or

*cresc.* *dim.* *rall.*

soft - ly stirs the morning breeze, In bud - ding branch-es of the trees.
stir brisk tails and glos - sy heads, While sleep - y folk are in their beds.
on his hind legs straight will stand, And pick a nut from la - dy's hand.
whisks his yel - low tail so light, A - cross the lawn from morn till night.

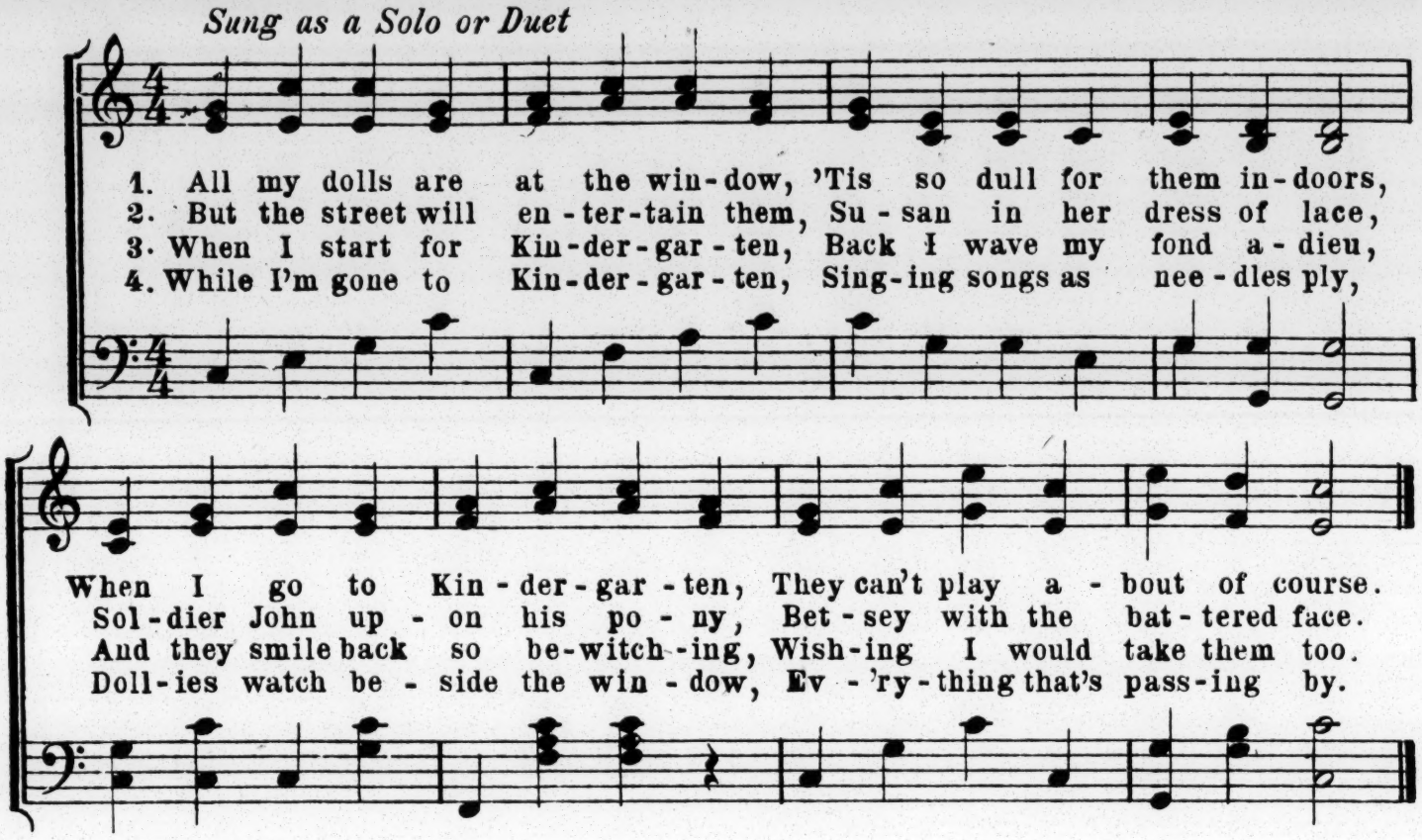
# Dollies At The Window

**№ 12**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

*Sung as a Solo or Duet*


1. All my dolls are at the win-dow, 'Tis so dull for them in-doors,
2. But the street will en-ter-tain them, Su-san in her dress of lace,
3. When I start for Kin-der-gar-ten, Back I wave my fond a-dieu,
4. While I'm gone to Kin-der-gar-ten, Sing-ing songs as nee-dles ply,
When I go to Kin-der-gar-ten, They can't play a-bout of course.
Sol-dier John up-on his po-ny, Bet-sey with the bat-tered face.
And they smile back so be-witch-ing, Wish-ing I would take them too.
Doll-ies watch be-side the win-dow, Ev-'ry-thing that's pass-ing by.

5.

So when I come home to dinner,
Then they tell me all they've seen,
Once it was an organ grinder
And a monkey dressed in green.

6.

Once it was a troop of soldiers
That played music as they went,
Once it was a moving circus
With an elephant and tent.

7.

And there's always something pretty,
If there's nothing else beside,
There are ladies dressed so lovely
In their carriages that ride.

8.

How I wish my darling dollies
All could speak and sing and run,
Then they'd go to Kinder-garten,
And we'd have the biggest fun.

## № 13

# Spring

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

1. Oh how I love in Spring to see, The dain-ty tas-sels of the tree,
2. Oh how I love the springing grass, A car-pet soft as on I pass,
3. Oh how I love each liv-ing thing, The quickened life of ear-ly Spring,
4. All na-ture sings with glad re-frain, Spring, darling Spring has come a-gain,

*rit.*

Those fair-y ban-ners green and pale, That flaunt so soft-ly in the gale.
The ea-ger chick-ens love it too, And pick from morn till ev-'nings dew.
The squir-rels leap from bough to bough, The hap-py birds are ma-ting now.
The Win-ter's cold and frost are o'er, The Sum-mer comes, 'tis Spring once more.

*rit.*

## № 14

# Snow Bird

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

*Sung as a Duet*
*dolce*

1. Mer-ry snow-bird where's your home, Now the win-try days have come?
2. When the dark-ened clouds un-furl, And the snow-flakes round us whirl,
3. Tufts of with-ered grass so fine, Heav-y branch-es of the pine,
4. Lit-tle bird with val-iant breast, Of life's se-cret you're pos-sessed,

Nest-less, shel-ter-less, you roam, Har-dy lit-tle snow-bird.
Have you nook to hide or curl, Lit-tle storm-toss'd snow-bird?
Sta-ble's eaves where sleep the kine, There you sleep brave snow-bird.
Tak-ing all that comes as best, Hap-py lit-tle snow-bird.

# The Bird's Carnival

**№ 15**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Milo O. Smith

1. There's a car - ni - val held dai - ly, Be - neath the or-ange trees, The
2. Their lit - tle Mos`-lem neigh-bor come With cres-cent on his breast, The
3. Their am-ber wine they sip and sip, From gold - en chal-ic - es, With

neigh-b'ring fam - i - lies drop in, All day by twos and threes. The
Blue-birds and the Wrens are here, The Rob - ins and the rest. 'Tis
crit - i - cal cocked heads dis - cuss, Its mer - its and look wise. All

Top-pies are a - ris - to-crats, They al-ways lead the van, They
fash-ion - a - ble calls they make, Just eat and chat and fly, And
day they come, all day they go, Un - til the sun goes down, And

wear their crests be - com - ing - ly I'm much a - fraid they're vain.
we the un-no-ticed look-ers - on Are hum-ble you and I.
then the feath-ered gen-try take, Their feath-er-beds in town.

## № 16 The Cloud Camels

C. L. GOODENOUGH C. L. G.

Andantino

1. Cam-els are hurrying o-ver the hills, Cam-els with hump and pack,
2. Great cloud cam-els on they go, Ghost-ly their car-a - van,
3. Whence these ghost gray mer-chant-men, That o'er the hill-sides race,
4. Back to their tents of az - ure sky, Out on the plains of space,

*rit.*

See them fly - ing weird and still, Leav-ing no trace or track.
Whence they came we do not know, Whith-er so gray and wan?
Beards and gar-ments flut - t'ring back, Pass-ing to leave no trace.
There go the cam - els scur-rying by, There is their dwell-ing place.

# The Twitterers

**№ 17**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Milo O. Smith

1. When the hills are brown and sere, In the wan - ing of the year,
2. Syc - a - more still fresh and bright, Deep, thy life springs out of sight,
3. Pip - ing soft with scraps of song, I can hear there all day long,

And the bare and ar - id plain, Calls out wear - i - ly for rain.
All thy branch-es are a - stir, With the rus - tle and the whir,
Twit - ter, chat - ter, ans - wer, call, Jay and thrush and wren and all.

In the black-ness and the blight, Lit - tle birds ye bless my sight, With your
Of the feath-ered throng that eat, From thy seeds and chirp so sweet, With their
Sing ye lit - tle birds and cheer, Thru the dearth the droop-ing year, With your

twit - a - twit twit twit twee - oh, Your twit - a - twit twit twit twee-oh.
twit - a - twit twit twit twee - oh, Their twit - a - twit twit twit twee-oh.
twit - a - twit twit twit twee - oh, Your twit - a - twit twit twit twee-oh.

# The Thrush's Call

**№ 18**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Allegretto

*cresc.*

1. At ear-ly dawn a song is heard, The morn-ing call of lov-er bird, Oh
2. And as the morning wears a-way, Still sings the gal-lant songster gay, Oh

*cresc.*

*dim.*

sweet, my mate, up - on the nest, Oh sweet, my love, I love thee best.
sweet, how sweet, my song must be, For sweet, my love, I sing of thee.

*dim.*

CHORUS

*cresc.* *dim.*

Oh sweet, my love, I love thee best, Oh sweet, my love, I love thee best, Oh
For sweet, my love, I sing of thee, For sweet, my love, I sing of thee, Oh

*cresc.* *dim.*

sweet, my mate, up - on the nest, Oh sweet, my love, I love thee best.
sweet, how sweet, my song must be, For sweet, my love, I sing of thee

3. When waning day throws shadows long,
Still flows the merry warbler's song,
As every Summer's day flies o'er,
Oh sweet, my love, I love thee more.

4. So as the days and weeks go by,
And nestlings wee have learned to fly,
The little lover, still sings he,
Oh sweet, my love, I love but thee.

# The Policeman

**№ 19**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Lively

1. I'm a va-liant po - lice-man On a crossing in Broad-way, And I reg- u-late the traf - fic In the mid-dle of the day; In the whizz and buzz and bus-tle, I must know what I'm a-bout, And I'm something of a he - ro, If they'd on-ly find it out.
2. I must keep my wits a-bout me, Or the ve - hicles would crash, But my lifted stick with- holds them, From breaking all to smash; It would be a great con-venience, If my head were full of eyes, Then I'd look in all di-rec-tions As the traf-fic round me flies.
3. I must keep the lit-tle urchins, Out from underneath the wheels, I must take the drunkard o - ver, Who's so tip - sy that he reels. I must help the blind, old beg-gar, And the for - eign-er and dunce, I must an-swer stu-pid questions, And know ev-'ry thing at once.
4. He's not tho't of much importance, The policeman on his beat, Or in strenuous po - si - tion In the mid-dle of the street, But the cit - y would fare bad-ly, If he were not there a-bout, And he's something of a he - ro, If they'd on-ly find it out.

REFRAIN

Oh the big burly po - lice-man, On the crossing of Broad - way, He's a-void - ed by the sha-dy, But the timid lit-tle la - dy Runs to his benign pro-tec - tion all the day.

# Sleigh Bells

**№ 20**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Lively

1. Hear the sleigh-bells jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Hear the sleigh-bells jin-gle,
Po-ny likes to trav-el, trav-el, trav-el, Po - ny likes to trav-el

CHORUS

gai - ly o'er the snow;
when he hears them go.

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, How the ears with

*After last verse repeat Chorus softly*

pleas-ure tin-gle, Voi-ces man - y, cho-rus sin-gle, Ring-ing o'er the snow.

2. Merry are the children, children, children,
Merry are the children, tucked in snug and tight,
Joyful as the sleighbells, sleighbells, sleighbells,
Joyful as the sleighbells are their faces bright.

*Cho.*

3. Well we love old Winter, Winter, Winter,
Well we love old Winter, though he's rough and bold,
For he brings us pleasure, pleasure, pleasure,
For he brings us pleasure with his frost and cold.

*Cho.*

4. Jingle merry sleighbells, sleighbells, sleighbells,
Jingle merry sleighbells while our hearts keep time,
And our happy music, music, music,
And our happy music joins your cheerful chime.

*Cho.*

# The River

**№ 21**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

1. I love the riv-er when the noon is bright, With its jew-elled bos-om
2. I love the riv-er in the ev'-ning's cool, When the home-bound cat-tle
flash-ing back the light, Scin-til-la-ting, shim-mer-ing with
cross the sil-ver pool, Sleek they come, state-ly move,
spark-ling track, Smil-ing-ly it greets me and my heart smiles back.
qui-et-ly they pass, From the dark-ning wa-ter to the dew-wet grass.

3. I love the river on a rainy day,
Million bubbles sailing on their seaward way,
Swallows too, love it so, with their curve and swing,
Poetry of motion in each circling wing.

4. I love the river when the floods are strong,
Like a war-steed rushing on its course along,
From its banks tearing off all that can be torn,
Those who seek to cross it, laughing them to scorn.

5. I love the river in its every mood,
Blending with my thinking, messages of good,
Checkered life it portrays, like my mood-tossed heart,
River I shall miss thee, for we soon must part.

## № 22 Our Littie Men

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

1. Dash a - way, ride a - way, dear lit - tle men,
2. Moth - er near, watch - ing there, pride in your face,
3. Soon they'll roam, far from home, play time must cease,

Up a - cross the hill-side, down with-in the glen, Ro - sy cheeks, brownly tanned,
Sweet is this hour that's fly - ing a-pace, Do not let care and fret
Few - er and still short-er hours of re-lease, Manhood's pain, loss and gain,

glow-ing in the sun, There they go a tri - o that is rea-dy for fun.
sti - fle these your joys, While you have them with you, your dar-lings, the boys.
strug-gle, un - til then, Dash a - way, ride a - way, dear lit - tle men.

## № 23 The Sea's Song

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Andante

1. Sing me a song, oh sea, Thine un - der - tone un - end - ing, Hath
2. Sing me a song, oh sea, A gal - lant ship is steer - ing, With
3. Sing me a song, oh sea, Of oth - er hearts she's bear - ing, Sad
4. Sing me a song, oh sea, For life and love are fleet - ing, Men

ma - ny a tale Of ma - ny a sail, Thy o - cean gales are send - ing.
flag that flies O'er ea - ger eyes, That watch the home-land near - ing.
hearts that roam A - way from home, For all they love de - spair-ing.
come no more, But on the shore For - ev - er thou art beat - ing.

## № 24 Do They?

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Allegretto

1. Do an-gels keep a back glass, For do-ing up their hair, And are they ev-er anx - ious a - bout what they shall wear? And do they ask each oth - er If they look trim be-hind, And do they tie a veil on, When fly-ing in the wind?
2. And when they go a - call - ing, Must others quick-ly look, To see if there is left a-bout a harp or sing-ing - book? And do they whis-per soft - ly Up - on their call-ing round, How shock-ing-ly un - ti-dy was The state of things they found?

## № 25 Tell Me Birdie

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

1 Tell me bird - ie how nests are made, How are the ti - ny raft-ers laid, How are they wo-ven with twist and braid, Where do you buy your thatch?
2 Bits of lace from my la - dy's veil, Hairs from poor Dobbin's mane and tail, Down from the ring-dove's breast so pale, Soft when the nest-lings hatch.
3 Thief and rob-ber, oh no, no, no, Don't you po-ets do e - ven so? Nests and songs from the frag-ments grow, Say, have you found your match?

# Nº 26 Shuckity Shuck

C. L. GOODENOUGH

Old Melody

Lively

1. When Da - do was play - ing he heard a soft whack-ing, And
2. But the big bush.- y tail was a - way with a whisk-ing, And he
3. Then Da - do look'd up at the gray squir-rel fly - ing, You're a

there a gray squirrel a big nut was cracking, Then Da - do call'd out to the
call'd from the tree-top with scamper and frisking; "I'm lay-ing up nuts for my
greed-y old squirrel, he call'd in re-ply - ing; There are plen-ty of nuts here for
shuck-i - ty, shuck-i - ty,

squir - rel; "How - do, Don't you know me, gray squir-rel, I'm Lit - tle Boy Blue."
wee chil-dren four, And I want no small boys at my good win-ter's store."
me and for you, And I'll come back and get them said Lit - tle Boy Blue.
shuck-i - ty, shuck, Sing-ing shuck-i - ty, shuck-i - ty, shuck-i - ty shuck.

*Fine*

REFRAIN

Sing - ing shuck - i - ty, shuck - i - ty, shuck - i - ty shuck, Sing - ing

shuck - i - ty, shuck - i - ty, shuck - i - ty shuck, Sing - ing

*D.S.*

S

## № 27 What's The Use

C. L. GOODENOUGH C. L. G.

Lively

1. Now what's the use of be-ing cross? It on-ly makes things worse, It
2. And what's the use of be-ing sad? It on-ly makes grief harder, And

does not help to bear a loss, To pout and be per-verse.
half a loaf is not as bad, As noth-ing in the larder.

## № 28 The Lady White Hen

C. L. GOODENOUGH C. L. G.

1. Sir Gor-geous is a Mor-mon cock, Of wives he's near-ly ten, But
2. When all the tribe go walk-ing out, Sir Speck-le fol-lows near, Be-
3. I can fore-see an end-ing sad, Of woe-some tra-ge-dy, If
4. For if Sir Gor-geous sees him there, With La-dy White a-part, He'll

one more fair than oth-ers far, The snow-white la-dy hen.
side the snow-white la-dy hen, He likes to stay 'tis clear.
he stays near the la-dy hen, To scratch in-dus-trious-ly.
drive those cru-el spurs deep in, Right thro' Sir Speck-le's heart.

5.

Sir Speckle when that day shall come,
You'll wish you hadn't then,
So leave her unmolested quite,
The snow-white lady hen.

# Pretty Kate

**№ 29**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Allegretto.

1. A - bove her dain-ty foot and skate He bound her strap for Pret-ty Kate, A -
2. How care-ful-ly those straps and loops To fast-en tight the young man stoops Bend-

poise up - on the shin - ing rim, She laid one steady-ing hand on him, The
ing so long his task a - bove,-Then says, 'tis done my work of love. But

oth - er, for the wind blew bleak Held up her muff a - gainst her cheek: A -
though in jest the word he throws Her bright cheeks glow a deep - er rose, And

round the ice its steel - y glass Re - flects the skat-ers as they pass.
in her eyes her lov - er read The se - cret that she had not said.

# Baby Ferdinand

## № 30

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. Z. M. PARVIN

Lively

*rit.* *a tempo*

1. 'Twas Wil-liam was the ba - by once, But now he's so no lon - ger For
2. 'Tis Fer - di - nand's the ba - by now The dar-ling of his mo - ther Each
3. Oh what a fu - ture must a - wait This child with name ro - man - tic He'll
4. We thought we had e - nough be - fore But now we see our blun - der, Since

ev - ery day the ras - cal grows Both mis - chie - vous and strong-er.
ba - by is the best in turn Un - til we get an - oth - er.
be a po - et, pres - i - dent, Or else a sage ped - an - tic
love has op - ened wide the door, For Fer - di - nand the won - der.

CHORUS

Oh! Fer - di - nand's the boy for me 'Tis Fer - di - nand the la - test. I
should - n't won - der if he'd be, Of all our flock the great-est.

# Blue Eyes' Lullaby

**№ 31**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Moderato

1. All the sweet-est things of earth, Flash be - fore my men-tal skies,
2. Flow-ers with a mil - lion tints, Humming birds with ru - by throats,

When I hold my ba - by close When I gaze in her blue eyes.
Wa - ters where the sun-shine glints, Wood-land birds and lilt - ing notes.

Blue, blue blue of the sea Blue of the riv - er and the sky,

Blue of the eyes that are deep and true, And the hills that stand for aye.

3.

Thou my birdling, fair and sweet,
Loveliest blossom ever grew,
From your head to dainty feet,
Baby mine with eyes of blue.

## № 32 Baby's Answers

C. L. GOODENOUGH — SOLO OR DUET — C L.G.

Slow waltz time

*mp*

1. What are your eyes for, Ba - by Blue? Why, just to play at Peek-a - boo.
2. And why this mouth with ro - sy pout? I don't know what they'd kiss without.
3. What are your feet for Ba - by bright? To kick the bed clothes off at night.

And why these ears, like dain - ty shells? To hear the sto - ries Moth-er tells.
These dim-pled hands so plump and fat? To pat-a - cake and pull the cat.
Why were you made from top to toe? If I were gone why then you'd know.

## № 33 The Secret

C. L. GOODENOUGH — C. L. G.

Andante

1. There is no knarled and an - cient tree, But has its ten-der sto-ry, What
2. What lov - ers in the sha - dow stood, With sighs their love con-fess-ing, The
3. The squirrel on the top most bough, He heard but would not prat-tle, The
4. Ah well! we all have once been young, And had our own love sto - ry, And

tales the whisp'ring leaves might tell, Its branch-es old and hoar - y.
strong arms of the dim old wood, Leaned ov - er them in bless - ing.
blue - bird sit - ting on her eggs, Was too dis - creet to tat - tle.
for us all some an - cient tree, Is gla-moured with love's glo - ry.

# The Frets

**№ 34**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Dear lit - tle frets as brown and thick, As the brown leaves in
Speck-ling the air, then light-ing down, Rust-ling the leaves so

which you pick, Ti - ny as hum-ming birds of light,
curled and brown, Com - i - cal quar-rel - ings o'er a seed,

Lack-ing their flash of col - ors bright. Yet you have beau - ty
Fie! naught - y fret to show such greed. E'en though the day be

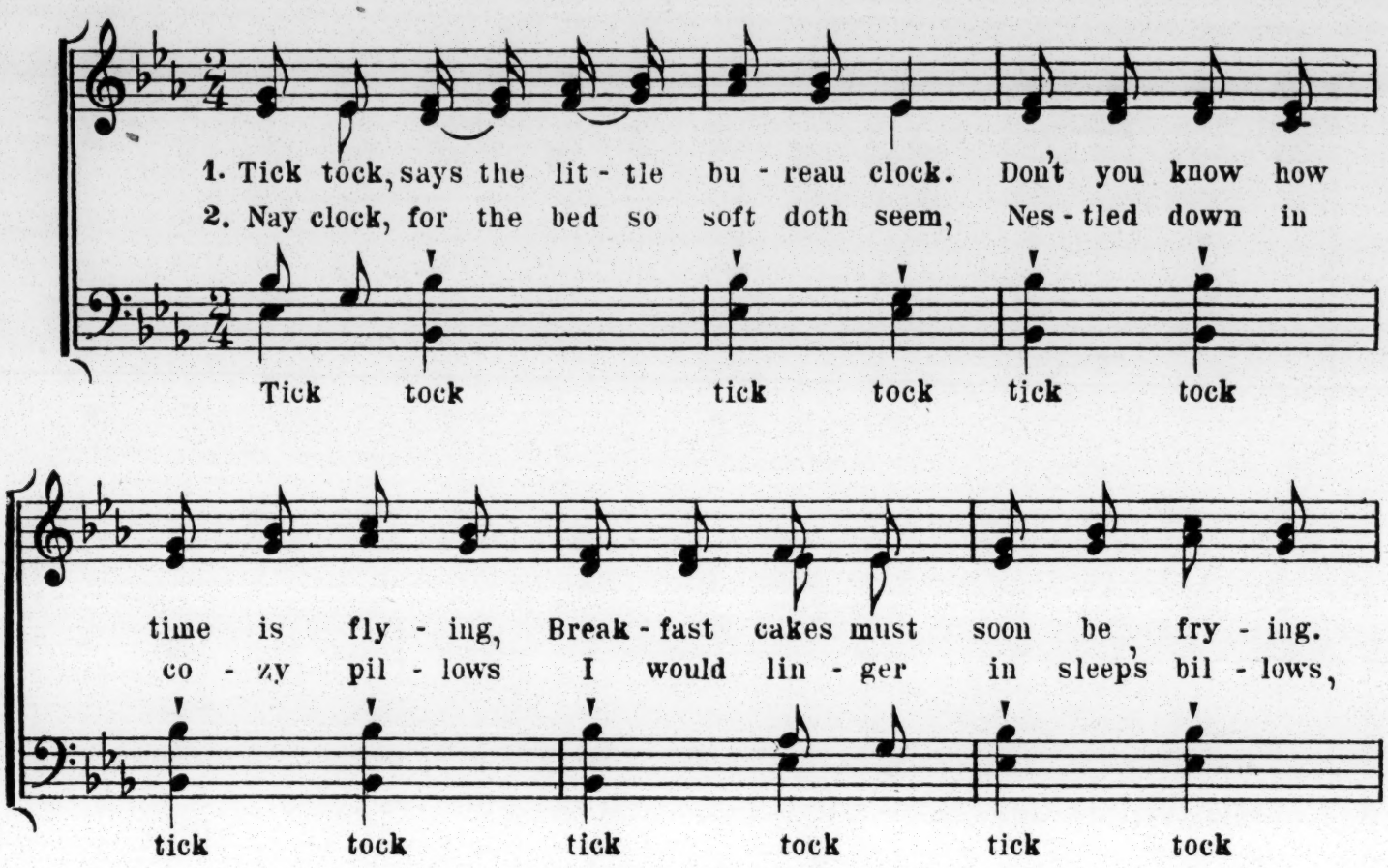
all your own, Heart-'ning the waste till flow'rs be blown.
dull and wet, You are my sol - ace lit - tle fret.

# The Bureau Clock

**№ 35**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.


1. Tick tock, says the lit - tle bu - reau clock. Don't you know how
2. Nay clock, for the bed so soft doth seem, Nes - tled down in
Tick tock tick tock tick tock
time is fly - ing, Break - fast cakes must soon be fry - ing.
co - zy pil - lows I would lin - ger in sleep's bil - lows,
tick tock tick tock tick tock
Get up! says the clock, Get up! says the clock; says the clock.
Leave me to my dream, Leave me to my dream, to my dream.
tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock says the Clock.

3.

Tick tock, What says Conscience? Asks the clock.
Shame to be so late and drowsy.
Nightgown on and hair still frowsy.
Don your shoes and frock!
Don your shoes and frock!
Shoes and frock.

4.

Hush, you naughty and persistent clock!
There! I smell the porridge burning
Keep, sweet dream, till my returning,
Hush you tiresome clock!
Hush you tiresome clock!
Tiresome clock!

# The Little Gold Key

**№ 36**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

The an - gel who brought my ba - by to me Slipped
The years o'er my dar - ling are slip - ping a - way Some -
At each dew - y night-fall my dear lit - tle boy Comes

un - der my pil - low a lit - tle gold key; "Tis the
times he is way - ward and will not o - bey But
in with his sto - ries of trou - ble or joy Not

key of the ba - by's heart" Said he "Take
gen - tle and pa - tient I'm try - ing to be, For
far he will wan - der from heav - en and me. While

heed lest you lose it The lit - tle gold key."
fear I should lose it, The lit - tle gold key.
still to his heart, I've The lit - tle gold key.

## № 37 The Dory

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

Brightly and playfully

1 There's a dain-ty lit-tle do-ry, She's anchor'd at the wharf, She's waiting for us,
Do not stop for an-y primping, Don't tie a rib-bon more, You're sweeter now than
la-dy dear, So come and let's be off. She's a jol-ly lit-tle do-ry, And
all the girls, That ev-er went be-fore. Yes and you shall have the cush-ion, And
built for on-ly two, And you shall be the pas-sen-ger, And I will be the crew.
I'll the pad-dle ply, The do-ry knows a se-cret, She'll tell you by and by.

*rall.*

*rall.*

## № 38 Dickens' Tiny Tim

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

1 Dear lit-tle Ti-ny Tim, Not yet thy work is done, For still the tear shall
O-ver thy lit-tle crutch, With ev-'ry Christmas sun, Shall gen-tle eyes grow
3 Thy lit-tle crip-pled feet, That ne'er could gai-ly run, O'er all the world have
start, And still with swell-ing heart, We hear thee say, God bless us ev-'ry one.
wet, Kinds hearts grow kind-er yet, With thy sweet pray'r, God bless us ev-'ry one.
sped, And men till time is dead, Shall pray thy pray'r, God bless us ev-'ry one.

*rit.*

# Jay's Picture

**№ 39**

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.

SOLO

1. Lit-tle fair head with the sun-ny curls shi - ny Snow-y round fore-head and
2. What will he think of it, ten short years la-ter When the first dreams of man-hood have

mis-chiev-ous eyes Queer lit-tle nose and mouth e - qual - ly read-y For
fi-red his brain. And he looks with contempt at the ba - by's bright pic-ture Whose

pouts or for kiss-es for smiles or cries. Chub - by 'round cheeks and
wide world was bounded by Grand-fa-ther's lane. For at four-teen real life in

chub - by round fin - gers One foot tucked up in a com - i - cal way.
the dis-tance looks pleasant. All full of de - light and won-ders and joy. The

Lit tle plaid dress like a girl's on ly short - er Such is the picture of four year old Jay.
walls of the home of his childhood grow narrow he sigheth to think he is on - ly a boy.

3.

What will he think of it twenty years later?
When some golden haired maiden stands close at his side.
And they look at the picture with heads bent together.
And he smiles at the words of his sunny haired bride
"A sweet little fellow" his dark head bends lower,
Her blushing cheeks deepen their tinting of red
For the picture has brought to them thoughts of the future
Making solemn and tender the words that he said.

4.

What will he think of it forty years later?
When he liveth his life as a man among men.
And weary at night, his eyes fall on the picture,
Oh what will he think of his babyhood then?
Perchance he will long for a kiss from his mother
His innocent joys and the baby schemes wild,
And sadly retracing the years of his manhood.
Will wish he again was an innocent child.

5.

What will he think of it seventy years later?
For the frosts of old age lie white on his brow,
And he looks at the faded and old fashioned picture,
With eyes that are fast growing far sighted now.
He rambles again on the farm of his father
The meadow, the orchard, the forest, the fen.
So we leave the old man dreaming over the picture,
And finding in fancy his childhood again.

6.

In fancy? Nay truly, He neareth the portal,
Where all who would enter as children must come,
They must leave the world's cares and ambitions behind them
As little onestired at night fall comehome.
In those mansion's of rest, whose glory we dream of,
Where entereth nothing impure or defiled,
Whose beauty can never be pictured by language,
Our Jay will again be a sweet little child.